

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXII

May 3, 1940

NUMBER 2

THE WEEK	29
TENNESSEE VALLEY, VALLEY OF LAKES	
<i>Clara Foote Adams</i>	35
EVENING MASS	
<i>Gerald Ellard</i>	37
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	
<i>Michael Williams</i>	40
COMMUNICATIONS	40
THE STAGE	
<i>Grenville Vernon</i>	43
THE SCREEN	
<i>Philip T. Hartung</i>	43
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	44

The Provincial Lady in Wartime—Cathedral in the Sun—False Witness—Design This Day—Brother Petroc's Return—The Meaning of Marriage—The Family—Christian Life and Worship—The Mystical Theology of Saint Bernard—The Imitation of Christ—Race, Language and Culture

THE INNER FORUM	48
-----------------	----

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide*, *Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman*.

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Annual Subscriptions: U. S. and Canada, \$5.00; Foreign, \$6.00.

Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.; HARRY LOBIN
BINSE, Managing Editor; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Special Editor;
C. G. PAULDING, Associate Editor; JOHN BRUBAKER, Advertising
Manager.

Should the German People Be Punished?

ALFRED DUFF COOPER, former First Lord of the Admiralty, considers that it is wishful and dangerous thinking to believe that the Allies can drive a wedge between the German Government and the German people. This may well be a fact in the hard realities of war. But he also charges the "whole German people" with responsibility for the crimes of the Nazi Government, and he hopes that this responsibility will not be forgotten nor condoned when the time comes for making the peace. And that is a different matter. Any hope of ever being able to create a European community in which men can escape the sense of a fatal hostility between racial and cultural groups is thin enough, without destroying it entirely by blocking any one of these groups into the position of being a permanent moral force for evil. No people of any nation can differ essentially as human persons from the people of another nation: any national culture contains a potential contribution to humanity. All groups of men are subjected to the attraction of evil as they are to the desire for good, and all groups are lonely in the solitude of the world as a man is lonely. Americans, whose material, cultural, and spiritual life results so clearly from contributions by a richly varied im-

migration, never can admit the identification of any one "people" with evil—even if, in a given historical situation, the government of that people persistently uses immoral, and therefore futile, methods in attempting to solve its problems. In regard to the particular case of the Germans, we know that throughout the history of our country the contribution to our national life by men of Germanic origin has been notable, and we know also by experience that groups of Germanic origin have lived and have developed here in harmonious collaboration with Americans of other origins. In spite of the occasional activity of a small minority of irresponsible men, the case for the German American does not have to be proved. It may, however, be illustrated, and we ask our readers to notice the fine work being done in the fields of history, economics and social reform by Catholic Americans of Germanic origin in this country. The work of these men can best be seen in the magazine *Social Justice Review*, which, under a new format, gives a new name to the *Central-Blatt and Social Justice*, official publication of the Central Verein. When Duff Cooper speaks of the Germans as a unit and a guilty one, we have the advantage, here, of being able to see what, in fact, happens to Germans when they are freed from their leaders and the European problems these leaders have to face. These men were freed by coming to America: their brothers can only free themselves through the creation of a new Europe. A punitive spirit in regard to the German people will not help build it.

Foreign Policy by Hemisphere

IT IS realistic to suppose that US foreign policy must start with a Pan American policy and grow to a world policy. Only within the American sphere could the President make so flat an assertion as "Whoever touches any one of us touches all of us. . . . We are prepared to meet force with force" if any non-western power breaks the peace of any country in "this association of nations." The Monroe Doctrine is firm enough in the US for foreign powers to count upon it. But such a Pan American policy is only the dangerous beginnings of a helpful foreign policy. The first difficulty arises from its unilateral character. The disproportionate bulk of the US in the Americas is, in cold fact, a check on the sovereignty of our neighbors in this hemisphere. That national sovereignties should be checked is all right, but this particular check is imperialist except in so far as our own could be similarly limited, and except to the degree that the other American states join freely in working out the over-all American policy. Secondly, Pan Americanism can be merely a sop to citizens uncomfortable about selfish isolationism, if it is not

directed outward toward the rest of the world. If outside countries can't war here, we all have the responsibility to act justly toward them. Logically, as Lindbergh pointed out, American nations have not the right to go warring abroad without the permission of their American sister states, if those states are determined to fight together when war threatens here. Lindbergh's logic was hooted down with great fervor. But that logic was sound, and if it is to be thrown out, it must be replaced. The twenty-one American states must ask themselves and ask each other not only how they want to get along locally with each other, but also how they all together want to get along with the other continents. Pan Americanism is not a cover to hide under.

Crookedness in Public Life

WESTBROOK PEGLER advocates the quick surgical treatment for crookedness in government, labor unions, etc. Surgery, and the continued application of a supposedly cauterizing and penitential vitriol. The problem is not as simple as he makes it out, at

First Step in Reform

least in the eyes of those who really desire the life and well being of the institution suffering from diseased members. But it is a problem—although one which it is almost out of fashion to recognize. Right now, with disillusion about the chance of reform via political and economic structural revolution growing daily more desperate, there normally should be increasing regard for the simple honesty of politicians, business men, intellectuals and labor leaders. So far, this development lags. To the greater portion of the public, de-racketizing Miami is a joke. Campaigns in Kansas City, New Orleans, and all over the country, where crookedness has unquestionably flourished, are written down as "only" politics. The same in New York, where Dewey's efforts especially are minimized or puffed up, not according to the amount of corruption met or the success with which it is met, but according to the demands of partisan politics. A finance company is forced to return usurious charges; Annenberg pleads guilty; George Scalise, president of the AFL's Building Service union, and Pegler's particular peeve, claims persecution and hitting-low upon being indicted. These news items are more important than they get credit for being. To what extent would the whole American system be changed if there were reasonably scrupulous honesty in running it? If people reacted much quicker and more severely to crookedness, than we have been doing lately, the "red herring" danger and threat to the institution would be hopefully minimized. Personal responsibility and integrity in action can bring radical social change, no less than a revolution in the framework within which persons act.

General Motors

THE UNION ELECTIONS successfully held in sixty-one plants of General Motors under the Labor Board show that the auto industry and unions are really maturing. The agreement among the different parties—the CIO, AFL, Labor Board and Company—which paved the way for the election appears almost as important as the election itself. The AFL shares in this primary success. Gradually those portions of the great industry which during the past few years have taken on the union system of industrial relations have worked out a technique for settling many difficult problems involved in its smooth operation. With bargaining units relatively settled, and with the CIO bargaining agents overwhelmingly selected by the men, the auto industry is in a position to test productively the possibilities for economic and social progress which those of us who believe in unions think are there. So well established in the biggest automobile company, the union is in a much better position to achieve organizational success in Ford and other non-organized units. The public has a right to hope that both employers and employees will have learned from hard history how to make the shock less damaging.

Elections Success

Just Punishment of Usury

THE USURER'S trade thrives best, naturally, when times are hardest. It is little people desperate for ready money who will sign, because they feel they must, the extortionate agreement guaranteed to leave them worse off in the end than they were in the beginning. The brisk business minds are numerous which appreciate this fact, are willing to build a profitable enterprise on it, and are resourceful in hiking up the legal increment on loaned money with various "special" charges designed to slip by the law as creditor protection. They are so numerous, in fact, that the toll they levy each year on the small, harried borrowers who are their chief customers is only a matter of dismayed speculation. An example just come to light in New York State shows what a structure determined greed can rear upon private necessity. The State's Attorney General John J. Bennett has brought to book the Pacific Finance Corporation for charging 5,000 small borrowers an excess of a quarter of a million dollars within the space of two years. Besides the legal action pending against the corporation, the immediate, practical penalty will consist in the refunding of this money to those from whom, under cover of shady "over-charges," it was stolen. The Attorney General himself characterizes this as striking "a note of happy

Restitution

Ma
justi
that
This
lend
and
is t
cont
othe
men
borr

Acc
PU
to i

Hov
the
Tra

But
acci
the
dent
no
fami
But
tend
safe
long
with
deat
brok
193
able
for
Tha
reco
pass
rese
a re
the
13,1
lines
The

The
IT
cisio

Is T
the

itsel
cove
prop
ther
been
acte

justice"; it does, and he is entitled to all the credit that radiates from the phrase to his own efforts. This is not the first time he has got the goods on lending leeches. Dozens of cases of conviction and restitution are already in the record; but this is the most spectacular one. It should, indeed, to continue quoting, "have a most salutary effect on other usurers." It should also furnish a new argument for credit unions, which the hard pressed borrowers can themselves directly govern.

Accidents Happen

PUBLIC shock at a particular accident seems to increase as the cube—or some even higher power—of the number of people killed. We accept with equanimity the thousands slain annually by the automobile, because each accident involves relatively few people.

But when a crack train on a first class railroad is accidentally wrecked and thirty people are killed, the whole country is profoundly moved. Accidental death is always horrible; its victims have no chance to prepare themselves for it; their families suffer a greater and more tragic shock. But the false emphasis given a major disaster tends to obscure the amazing achievements in safety of modern transportation. For thirteen long years the New York Central had operated without a single serious passenger injury, let alone death. That is a triumph. When the record was broken, the record remained phenomenal. In 1938 (the most recent year statistics are available) American railroads lost one passenger life for each 313,523,739 passenger miles operated. That is still three times as good as the enviable record of aviation. In the last twenty months each passenger life lost in American aviation has represented 101,108,331 passenger miles flown—a record nearly twelve times better than that of the preceding twenty months (one death to every 13,174,359 passenger miles). Railroads and airlines can be proud indeed of their achievement. The automobile is still our major safety problem.

The Klan Publishes an Edict

IT IS impossible to say whether the recent decision of the rulers of the Ku Klux Klan is prompted by the latest Klan flogging scandal, or by an accession of decency from within, or by unpublicized pressure from without. Whatever the cause, the decision itself is momentous. If Klansmen may no longer cover their faces, nor burn the fiery cross on any property without permission from the owner thereof and also the local police, something has been initiated which will greatly alter the character of the organization. The most welcome

alteration of all would, of course, be dissolution. A group so steeped in the cruelest and most cowardly tyranny—even now seventeen of its members are on trial in Atlanta for the characteristic crime of flogging a man to death—cannot die too soon or stay dead too long to suit the taste of decent citizens. But even short of death, the new edict must automatically change the Klan approach and by the same token limit its appeal. The anonymity with which it shielded outrage exerted a great pull upon the type of bloody bully manifestly behind the Klan's actual dirty work. It added a fillip of mystery and excitement enabling the Klan to rake in its relatively decent contingent, the little-boy men who love to meet in masks at midnight just for the sake of doing it.

Coop's End in Hightstown

ONLY A little more than three years ago **THE COMMONWEAL** published an article by Lawrence Lucey, "A Cooperative Town," which described the plans and achievements of one of the New Deal's most elaborate ventures under the Resettlement Administration; the village being created almost brand new at Hightstown, N. J. The idea was to provide 200 city (and slum) families with houses in the country, each to have about one acre of land, and to make this new town a self-sustaining economic unit through three cooperatives: a garment factory, a farm and a retail. Mr. Lucey's conclusion: "I hope this cooperative town never becomes a flat tire." Sadly enough that is exactly what it has become, in a business way. The garment industry just never was able to meet expenses. Its plant was closed last July and its machinery sold at auction to satisfy a government loan for which this equipment was security. Now the factory has been leased to a private firm which proposes to use it for the manufacture of millinery. The retail cooperative is said to have ceased to function some time back. Only the farm seems to have been tough enough to survive.

Why did Hightstown fail? Mayor Goldstein, elected to office by his fellow resettlers, lays the failure to bad management. The garment industry had six different managers in succession—average length of tenure a little under six months. It also looks as if the whole scheme was over-capitalized. But is the failure of Hightstown complete? There are still 850 former city dwellers living there and eager to continue doing so. Not one of the 189 families is on relief, and that alone should give comfort to those who have hoped for the success of the scheme. No. In social values at least, Hightstown is far from being a dead loss, and private industry may yet turn it into a success, even though the government never gets its money back.

I'll Find My Own Way

By Robert L. Hochberg-Hiller

I KNEW Heinz since he was twelve. We were not only in the same Boy Scout Unit, but also attended the same school. We upper class-men kept pretty aloof from the rest, but Heinz had a free pass everywhere; so often enough he stayed with us during intermission instead of playing ball with his classmates. His father was a retired colonel; his mother was English. Later on, when a warm friendship between Heinz and me had developed, I spent much of my time in his home.

He had the queerest decorated room a boy ever had—English and German books piled high along the wall, mounted birds, skeletons of various animals, pictures of Prussian History and English Kings. A portrait of Frederick the Great of Prussia had the place of honor over Heinz's bed. It was while looking at that picture that Heinz opened up for the first time and told me about himself.

"I can remember," he said, "when I saw that picture for the first time. I had never heard of Frederick the Great. My mother told me about King Arthur; I listened to my father when he played parts of Wagner's Ring. You know how it is in school, they tell you of internationalism, of the Kaiser and of his deserting the army. Kids in the first grade are either Communists, Democrats or Nationalists, without knowing what it means. Teachers tell us of Goethe, Einstein and Marx. I always thought I'd go to America some day and get out of this mess. Then one day my sister brought this picture home and told me about Frederick the Great and Prussia. Since then I have known Germany, and since then I have wanted to be as good a German as Frederick the Great."

"He was a Prussian," I said.

"He was all he could be in his time," Heinz replied. "If he were alive today he would be a German."

Yes, Heinz loved Germany. One might have thought that Heinz's sympathies would be with the Royalists. His father was an ardent admirer of the Kaiser, but Heinz did not seem to be interested in any party; he only saw Germany as a whole, and dreamed of a union of all parties.

It may seem strange that a boy of fourteen should have any political opinions at all; but I remember my first day in school—it was during the inflation—how a little boy waved the black, red and gold flag, at that time the colors of the Republic, and how another boy, a little tot of six years, took it away from him and tore it up because it was a "damn Bolshevik flag!"

But soon Heinz also joined a party. For a long time we had been Boy Scouts, keeping away from politics, training ourselves to be hardy and good sports, singing old folk songs and the new ones that again and again rose up from our own ranks—songs full of loneliness,

romanticism, searching, asking. We knew our Country well. There was not a weekend that did not find us on the road, not one vacation that we did not spend hiking through Bavaria, camping in East Prussia, foldboating up the Rhine. Be hard, have discipline, obey, be truthful and loyal so that you can lead boys one day!

But, as time went on, more and more boys left us to join the Young Socialists ranks, the Hitler youth, the Young National Guard. Gerd, the leader of our group, left us. He had studied in Danzig, had been a member of a secret organization to curb the Poles, to control the Workers' Union. Then when he came back to Berlin, full of tales of beer hall riots and border fights, he told us that he had become a Storm-Trooper—a Nazi! Most of us were trying to decide one way or the other. Helmut and Willem were like cat and dog—the Sozi and the Nazi. Herbert seemed the only one who stuck to our old ideals of impartiality. The group was breaking up.

HEINZ AND I went hiking, the two of us alone. We built our tent beside a swampy, crooked, little river. From our camp on a sandy slope we could look far down the valley—marsh, sand, dry grass and pine trees. Heinz had brought his guitar along. I lay on my side near the fire, stirring the pea soup in our old black canteen, listening to the little tunes he played and the ducks down in the reeds. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"What are you going to do? Do you know which party you are going to join?"

"I don't know," I said. "It seems that we all have lost faith. We used to think that good clean living was good enough; now we either have to raise our fists, 'Heil Moskow!' or our palms, 'Heil Hitler!' As far as I am concerned, I'd rather be one man by himself than brother to any of these poor devils who believe in the doctrines of men who seem to me not at all suited to lead anybody!"

"But where does that get you?" Heinz asked. "Good clean living! We've been just romantic dreamers. We sing songs of knights and battle, of long journeys. Dreams! Dreams of loneliness, of truth. We try to make leaders of ourselves, but whom will we lead, and where? We can bear hunger and thirst, and a long day's work. We know how to revive a tired group of boys with a quick word and a good song. We know all the things that make good leaders, but where will we lead them to? What will we answer them when they ask 'What can we do to make more jobs?' 'Why does that one have so much and I so little?' 'Why should I care for anybody but myself?' 'What does Germany want from me? and what do I want from Germany?' What is our answer to that?"

The pea soup was boiling over. I took it off the fire and put the canteens aside to cool, then I lay on my

stomach, watching the moon rising up over the pine covered hills. Heinz had taken to his guitar again. I said:

"We have always kept aloof from all political parties because we wanted to see our course clear, unsmirched by party arguments. We felt that an earnest study of our problems and an active willingness to do our part would be enough. You say it is not. What is your answer?"

"To join in the fight," said Heinz. "If we want to be united we have to get rid of all controversy. Convince everybody that we are right. Get everybody, get every single one to see the solution of the problem as we see it."

Then he surprised me with the announcement that he was leader of the National Socialist Students' Bund in our school.

"You have to join too," he said. I said: "I have no yearning to play the anarchist. Your point of view? That is Hitler's point of view, I take it. Some small fry from Austria—not even a German! I always thought, Heinz, that you admired Frederick the Great, and now, this Hitler!"

"I do admire 'Old Fritz.'" Heinz stood up and pushed at some charred pieces of wood with his foot. "I admire him because he was not only a great king, but also a great man. He was liberal in his time. Why not a great man who becomes a King? What is the difference?"

"Hitler has a great force in him. I heard him speak. I have read his book. He loves Germany more than anything in the world. He does not want power, riches, friends, admiration for himself—only for Germany."

"I personally think that a King is born, not made," I replied. "But even so, how does one man alone know what is good and right for millions. What if he were wrong? Where would we be then?"

"He may make mistakes," said Heinz, "but he cannot be wrong. He is the only man who acts unselfishly for the people and the Country. I trust him."

"And your Students' Bunds," I asked. "how and where do you lead them? You are a good leader—I know. You had good training in five years of Boy Scouting, but still, to teach a philosophy that might not only influence thousands, but millions of lives—how can you take it upon yourself? You are only fifteen!"

"As far as the philosophy is concerned, I teach what one man preaches, and I believe he is right."

It was dark now, the moon was hidden behind clouds, a wind rose from the west. We hurriedly ate our supper and slipped into our tent. Before I went to sleep, I asked Heinz what his father thought of this.

"He is not very interested," Heinz said. "He might be if I told him that I am in danger of being dismissed from school if the principal finds that I am a Nazi."

So Heinz was a Nazi! He did not get thrown out of school. His father did order him to stay away from the meetings, but Heinz disregarded his father and went right ahead. He had his group well in hand. They did not smoke or drink. They looked trim and clean. He took them on hikes and drilled them. They read newspapers

and discussed current events. They visited Communist hangouts and tried to win over some of the boys. They distributed leaflets before elections and sold Nazi newspapers. They got beaten up, but they went right ahead with their work.

Storm Troopers had splashed the license plates of their cars with mud and, disguised as Communists, had shot through the windows of their own favorite restaurants to prove Communist atrocities. Storm Troopers beat up workers in Berlin's east side. As many Socialist boys were found dead as Hitler youths. Heinz fervently denied rumors of that kind.

"It's a fair fight," he said. "Communists commit those crimes and the Jewish press tries to convince people that it is the Nazis' fault."

IT WAS a wild time, one chancellor after another. Reichstag dissolved, street fights, elections, then one day Hitler came to power.

Next morning we all stood in the schoolyard, waiting for our principal. Two flags waved from the school tower. The black, white and red of the old Kaiser Reich—and the new flag, the Swastika. The black, red and gold, the flag of the Republic, gone forever.

Suddenly a youth appeared on the roof and lowered the black, white and red flag. A boy standing in front of me plunged forward, shouting "Leave that flag up there!"

In the resulting turmoil Heinz gripped his arm and said, "The new one has the same colors. We want to show the new spirit."

"I don't care," cried the boy. "It was good enough for my father, he fell in the war, and he swore allegiance to those colors. It's Bismarck's flag. The Socialists did away with it, but now it has to be hoisted again. It was the flag of our soldiers in the great war!"

"We want a new flag!" someone cried. "A flag that has a new meaning. A flag that belongs to us alone!"

"You can't do away with all the tradition and glory that goes with that old flag!" said the boy, and he was actually crying. "It has the black and white in it, the colors of old Prussia. It has been the sign of Germany's freedom and greatness before the war. It has been the sign of faith through four years of struggle. Traitors tried to hoist another flag of weakness and cowardice. Do away with that, but leave the old flag!"

Heinz was silent. It was the first time that he looked lost. I could see that, and all through the day with its flags, marching and joy, he seemed not happy. The Swastika was the only flag in the streets.

The ranks of the SA, the SS, the Hitler Youth, filled with people who saw fit to make a quick about-face, now that the fighting was over. The leaders had a hard time: the newest Nazis were the loudest.

Heinz was an old member. He rose quickly in the ranks of the Hitler Youth. He was still very young—only sixteen. Everybody like him. He was a tall, slim lad, with dark hair and blue eyes, a good athlete too.

His father and he got along extremely well. We used to listen to his father's piano playing. He had a good

voice and liked to sing Schubert's songs. Once or twice Heinz and I tried to get him to sing some of our marching songs. He never liked them. He would listen to us trying to catch the tune on the piano, but he soon gave up.

But one night I found the old gentlemen greatly disturbed. A group of retired officers had celebrated the Kaiser's birthday. In the middle of their dinner Storm Troupers broke in. One old General was reported dead, several were severely wounded. Hitler was said to have paled with rage and shame when he heard of the incident. Heinz's father stood in front of his son, unhappy and scornful.

"A group of young ragamuffins beating up venerable old men!"

He said, "Men that have been of service to their Country, gathered to drink a toast to the man they once swore allegiance to. I thought loyalty meant something to you chaps. Surely, a few old men and their dreams can't be dangerous to the Government. Where is that discipline you clamor about? Where does this lead to? Why, they might attack anybody they please!"

Heinz argued, but his heart was not in it.

"There are ruffians everywhere," he said.

TWO MONTHS later our parson was arrested. He had been a captain in the war, had come back half deaf and minus a hand. They arrested him because he would not yield to the new religion of an Aryan Christ and the obliteration of the Old Testament.

Heinz was ill at the time. He had been to the Great Party Day in Nuremberg and had come back with pneumonia. We feared his death. He recovered, but slowly. He never spoke of that Party Day until much later when I was leaving Germany.

Then came the day of one of those elections. Storm Troupers going from house to house, bidding people to do their part. Trucks laden with men. Streets covered with flags. Heinz was also canvassing, marching his group of boys through the town, shouting slogans. A car stopped, a local district leader came over to Heinz.

"Good work, boys. We have just caught several Communists, who voted 'no.' So say something like this: 'Everybody must vote for Hitler. He who does not shall be arrested.'"

Heinz told that in school next day. His Latin teacher was jubilant over the results of the election.

"No wonder," said Heinz, "when people are forced to vote one way!"

"Better be careful what you say!" shouted the professor. "This was a secret election. You might get into trouble with stories of that kind."

Heinz rose from his seat, walked the length of the room until he stood right in front of the man and said calmly:

"Go ahead. Have me arrested. Maybe you will be surprised to see that an old membership still means something!"

But he did not tell his story again.

Our parson was in jail once more. The parish was in a turmoil. Heinz's mother had died. I stayed with him and he hardly talked at all. When night came we sat

in his room with our feet up on his desk, looking at the picture of Frederick the Great. The old King scowled down on us. We talked of times when we had been out with the rest of the gang, and suddenly Heinz said: "I resigned from the Hitler Youth. The minister asked me to organize a group of Christian Boy Scouts here and I said that I would do it."

"But all Boy Scout Units are dissolved," I said.

"Not the Christian Boy Scouts. Maybe I am wrong, but I have to find out whether I can bring the boys to see that besides a leader and a country there is also something else."

But he had no luck. There were only a few who had not joined the Hitler Youth yet.

"Only cripples and idiots," Heinz told me. "In a town of ten thousand I have only been able to find eight boys. They are a sad looking bunch. The rest are all Hitler Youth."

"They don't dare to get at me," he went on. "They know I am an old member, but there is not a day goes by without one of the kids being kicked around."

And then also the Christian Boy Scouts were dissolved.

Heinz had another attack of pneumonia which left him with a weak heart. He never talked politics now. He read a lot and studied hard. The night before I left for Bremen to go to the United States we spent together. I had three bottles of red wine. We drank it out of two enormous glasses. We were going to stay up all night and it was to be Heinz's first drunk. I was cheerful and talkative. Heinz was silent and moody. We both smoked our pipes and toward midnight Heinz started to open up. I can still see him sitting there, his big Bavarian pipe in one hand, in the other a glass, gazing at the little red sparks of lights reflected in the wine.

"Maybe," he said, "if our parents had not lost faith themselves, if they had tried at least to pretend, we might not have gone off by ourselves. We might not have scorned their leadership and preferred to lead ourselves. Our generation was left to do as it pleased. One man could get us all to follow him because he promised action and because he assumed all the authority to himself. We admired him for that, and just that is what made me leave the Hitler Youth. Not the fact that new men, who were too scared to fight when it was dangerous, are now trying to get into power, not cruelty and lack of discipline, not the fact that young bullies order old men around, not the fact that tradition and custom are overthrown, made me stop and think. Those things in themselves are only signs of a change, and may even be inevitable; but the fact that no one but one man alone has the right to decide between right and wrong; no one but one man to feel inside of him the divine voice that rules all men, and which they either obey or disregard. At their peril the life of millions will be the life of just one man, because no one of them has enough courage to listen to his own inner voice!"

He stood up and went to the window. The street below was filled with men, women, boys and girls.

"I'd rather be alone and find myself what I want," he said, "I'd feel like a coward if I did not!"

Tennessee Valley, Valley of Lakes

TVA has its uses for recreation:
swimming, boating, fishing, hunting.

By Clara Foote Adams

EIGHT of the nine proposed government dams on the Tennessee River are built. They are concrete facts. And behind them a half million acres of water back up across the lowlands, and out between the hills that rim the Tennessee Valley. The Tennessee is no longer a river; it is a chain of lakes, azure, emerald and saffron, with here and there the old limestone bluffs of the river rising like castle walls a hundred and fifty feet sheer above the water.

The large lakes, Norris, Hiwassee, Chickamauga, Guntersville, Wheeler, Wilson and Pickwick, take their names from the dams behind which they form. The innumerable small lakes, cupped in the hills, came into the world as creeks. Dancing and singing they brought their tribute to the river. But the Tennessee Valley creek has blossomed into a full-blown lake, a placid, gentle lake where overflow waters are tamed.

The Valley loves its lakes. It is grateful to Uncle Sam for water power, flood control and nine-foot navigation of the Tennessee, but it goes out and woos its lakes. They are charming, lovely things!

Each lake, in the eyes of its section of the Valley, is the loveliest and most charming of them all. When a lake has reached its maturity, has attained its proper acre-feet, it is given a water party. Like a pretty daughter, it makes its debut. The neighbors come over and hold a regatta, dignitaries make speeches—mostly about the advantages of the Tennessee Valley—bands play and the countryside turns out to eat hot dogs and look at the boats on the water.

Having acquired a chain of lakes, the Valley quickly went aquatic. It learned to boat and fish and swim. And discovered that playing is often more profitable than ploughing. For instance a hill that slopes gently down to the lake and provides a good beach, and a place for a tourist camp, sells for a thousand dollars an acre when as a farm it was probably not worth fifty.

And boating has proved a highly lucrative pastime. Plying the waters of the Tennessee Valley lakes are boats of every type from the simplest home-made skiff to luxurious cabin cruisers. Eighteen hundred boats were counted on Norris Lake alone one day last June. Motor boat owners on the lake bought fourteen thousand gallons of

gas during the month of June. The Norris boat docks estimate that they have in their charge \$300,000 worth of pleasure craft—up in an end of the Valley where a few years ago the mountaineer's cabin clung to a dry and rocky Appalachian slope.

Norris, in the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains, is the big-sister lake. Here the Valley tried out its water wings, with the TVA as coach. To encourage its pupil in the art of recreation the TVA built two lake-side parks and equipped them with outing facilities including lodges, cabins and boat docks. In '39, nine hundred thousand people visited Norris Dam, and availed themselves of adjacent park conveniences.

Tennessee, taking a cue from the mentor, is now leasing shore-line property from TVA and building state parks. There are three under construction on the newly formed Chickamauga Lake. Chickamauga is the season's debutante. Her coming-out party is planned for mid-summer. Protégée of Chattanooga, the largest city on the Tennessee, Chickamauga is a much sought after young lake. Her friends are at her side, building at Chattanooga one of the finest of inland harbors, laying out a beautiful race course, and at various points building public and private docks, fishing and swimming facilities and putting up lodges, cabins and camps.

There are people who maintain that a body of water fifty or sixty miles long and three miles wide is not exactly a lake. This is an unwise thing to say in the Tennessee Valley. It is a dangerous thing, especially around Chickamauga. The Chickamaugans wouldn't stand for it.

The Lakes

Hiwassee Lake, over in North Carolina, is the Valley's sub-deb. A little gem of a lake she is, but too young to talk of a coming-out party! Hiwassee, like her big sister, Norris, is a storage lake. Chained to her mountain fastness in the Smokies, Hiwassee has lured the filling station, the cold drink stand and the vacationist to her side. The lake was recently stocked with wall-eyed pike and large-mouth bass that will reach legal size in the fall of '41.

Below Chickamauga Dam the Tennessee swings to the south and west, down through Alabama

and Mississippi. This is cotton country. "Ol' plantation" country, where the ante-bellum, white-columned house still stands. Here there are jessamines on the verandas, and the fragrance of magnolias in the air.

From the river, here, came four lakes, Guntersville, Wheeler, Wilson and Pickwick. Lovely and sinuous, they stretch down the Valley, in a setting of low-lying Cumberland hills. Life is pleasant here between the hills. Before the War (of '61) it was lavish. Cumberland soil was rich. And it still is: good land lies at the bottom of these Alabama and Mississippi lakes. In the lapping of their waters one can hear, if one is given to phantasy, a sad, sweet requiem for many a Valley landmark gone to its reward. Villages were moved and cemeteries carried up the hill, but fields and woodland and the roads where men came and went were sent to a watery grave. Muscle Shoals, a bed of Cumberland rock in the path of the river, has been forever laid to rest. A calm and placid lake has risen above it.

A few miles below Muscle Shoals the Tennessee forsakes the tradition of southern rivers; it turns and flows north a distance of more than two hundred miles. Here, beyond Pickwick, another lake is forming. A giantess to be born. Kentucky Dam, twenty-two miles above the mouth of the river at Gilbertsville, Kentucky, is scheduled for completion in '45. When completed this dam will back up the waters of the Tennessee a hundred and eighty-four miles, forming the longest artificial lake in America.

Along the lower course of the Tennessee the Valley levels. The hills disappear, and there are no cities or industrial centers. Time and the river move tranquilly by. Little towns and hamlets come down to the water's edge, and a ferry boat waits at the landing to take you across when you want to get to the other side.

Fishing

As for fishing, well, the Valley knew something about fishing, too. It's been catching bass and bream and crappie all its life. Of course, it used to sit on the river bank and use worms. Now it buys flies and artificial bait, and motors out to the lake. And stops on the way to direct tourists to the nearest sporting goods house. Fishing in the Tennessee Valley is about to become a national matter. Izaak Waltons who never gave the Tennessee River a thought now park their trailers along the lakes and apply for a local fishing license.

There's always good fishing below a new dam. For with their home life disturbed and the upstream excursions interfered with, the fish mill around the lower side of the dam in anxious circles and bite anybody's hook. The series of dams going up on the Tennessee in the last few years has caused a succession of good seasons.

And in this year of the census, 1940, the Valley is taking a creel census. The Tennessee Valley angler is going to find out what's his catch per hour, and what the trip average per angler is. The count last year showed better than a fish an hour, in some places, and the fisherman claims that he's beating that this year.

Under the direction of the US Bureau of Fisheries, Department of the Interior, the Tennessee Valley Authority has built two hatcheries in the Valley. One, near Norris, has been in use some time. The second, and larger, at Muscle Shoals is not quite completed but will be in operation by the middle of the summer. The hatcheries are operated by the Bureau of Fisheries and the Alabama, Tennessee and North Carolina State Conservation Departments. They are to keep the lakes supplied with fish indigenous to the Tennessee, the species propagated being largemouth and smallmouth bass, rock bass, spotted bass, bream, crappie and several kinds of catfish. The Muscle Shoals hatchery will have an output of six million fingerling fish a year.

In connection with its conservation program the Tennessee Valley Authority is developing at various locations on its reservoir lands game refuges and management areas. A forty thousand acre tract at Muscle Shoals has been set aside as the Wheeler Migratory Waterfowl Refuge.

Muscle Shoals, before the government began building dams on the Tennessee, back in the '20's, was a happy hunting ground. The Shoals was a feeding place, the *table d'hôte* of feathered epicureans from Labrador to the Tropics. Clinging to the rocks were myriads of tiny aquatic organisms; crustacea, mussels and such things. But with the shoals forty feet under water the migrants failed to show up. The duck hunter was the only man in the Valley who opposed damming the Tennessee. The US Biological Survey and the Wheeler Refuge have come to his rescue.

A strip of land fenced off along the lake, native reeds growing on the bank, rocks half submerged in shallow water under Alabama sunshine, and in the crevices and cracks of the rocks ten million times ten million little creatures coming to life—there's the Refuge. And presently there were the ducks. And wild geese: the Canadian, Blue Bill, and Snow goose.

Building a system of lakes in a southern valley was hazardous. The hazard was malaria. The trouble is that a thimbleful of still water south of the Ohio is a potential breeding place for the mosquito *anopheles quadrimaculatus*, the deadly little creature that packs malaria.

The malarialogist has done a grand job in the Tennessee Valley. He has won the fight. How? The story is too big for this writer. It is one of the really big stories of the man-made lakes in the Tennessee Valley.

T
and
tant
a nor
Cath
happ
of M
tion
Santi
privi
1935
ously
resto
pasto
every
for a
know
night
know
Mas
sions
pani
tion.
even
L
turn
to a
as a
But
the
insta
for
Euch
news
happ
the
fast
abst
mid
an a
Chic
the
ning
a m
*Co
book,
mans,

Evening Mass

"Shall I come to you at evening Mass?" — *Romeo and Juliet*.*

By Gerald Ellard

THE QUESTION that forms my sub-title was a perfectly normal one, it seems, in Verona at the time of the story of "Romeo and Juliet." More interesting and more important is the circumstance that it may again become a normal question in the lives of twentieth-century Catholics the world over. For one of the "most happy portents" flowing from the unique triduum of Masses celebrated day and night without cessation at Lourdes (and at the Lourdes Shrine in Santiago, Chile, and with a significant additional privilege in the Archdiocese of Milan), in April, 1935, is the impetus thereby imparted to a previously existing but half-articulate desire for the restoration of afternoon and evening Mass, as a pastoral necessity of modern life. Of course everyone knows that our Roman Rite provides for a midnight Mass on Christmas. Not so well known is the general provision for such a midnight Mass at a Eucharistic Congress. Still less known is the grant of 1924, whereby nocturnal Mass may be celebrated on extraordinary occasions, at 12:30 in the morning or later, if accompanied by about three hours of nocturnal adoration. But what is here envisaged is afternoon or evening Mass as a matter of regular church-life.

Late afternoon or evening Masses, even nocturnal Mass, have often seemed to pastors trying to adapt their ministry to the needs of our age as an ideal solution of many modern problems. But to the ordinary layman so revolutionary is the very notion of such a Mass that when, for instance, the bare possibility of it was suggested for discussion at the Eighteenth International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, 1926, a major newspaper sensation was created—and nothing happened. The whole question is approached by the layman from the viewpoint of the Eucharistic fast, and this conceived in its present form of total abstention from food or drink from the previous midnight. The layman's very reverence is at first an additional stumbling block. The suggestion in Chicago bore no visible results at that time; but the vision of churches crowded for week-day evening Mass began to be for some zealous priests a modern version of the Grail.

*Condensed from a chapter from Father Ellard's forthcoming book, "Men at Work at Worship," to be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Within a year after the Chicago Congress we began to hear of Mexican Catholics, in their bitter persecution, being allowed to communicate at any hour of the day or night, even not fasting at all, even to communicate themselves. A transcript of those faculties is well worth perusal:

In view of peculiar and extraordinary circumstances, the Holy Father grants the following:

The faithful may receive the Blessed Sacrament at any hour of the day or night, even without fasting (but if they foresee the time of Communion they should fast for one hour before receiving), and may communicate themselves.

The wider problem of Sunday Mass-attendance in some European countries began to be studied about this time with purposeful realism. It was found, after careful survey, that among the leisured classes some 40 percent went to Mass, among the workers in given areas not more than 3 percent of the men ever went to Mass. The bishops who had the hardihood to make these surveys were thus acquainted with the extent and seriousness of their problem; they were in consequence ready to give attention to anything that might make for better Mass-attendance.

Early in 1935 came the news that the Holy Father had granted permission for *Mass to be celebrated in the evening* in Russia in order to allow Catholic workers to fulfill their Sunday obligations. Holy Communion, it was provided, could be received in the evening by simply fasting from six o'clock on. Before Catholic workers, or their harried pastors in many another country besides Russia, had time to draw the full inference from the above, came the breath-taking announcement of the Lourdes Triduum.

The Lourdes Triduum

From its very first announcement the Lourdes Triduum involved two distinct, if related, things: besides the continuous succession of Masses at the Grotto so inexpressibly dear to Catholic hearts, there was to be promoted throughout the world what the Bishop of Lourdes provisionally called a "League of the Holy Mass."

Will not this magnificent solemnity, first suggested some months ago by the late lamented Cardinal

Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and supported by His Eminence Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, will it not, as the Holy Father's letter emphasizes, give the most appropriate crowning possible to the great Jubilee now ending? . . .

Surely we ought to desire that these gigantic manifestations of faith leave lasting fruit in souls, and, as the Holy Father himself demands, "the piety of the faithful toward the august Sacrament of the altar be strengthened and happily increased more and more by the favor of the approaching solemnities." *This could be the result of setting up and extending throughout the world a "League of Holy Mass,"*† a project which will be submitted for the approbation of the Head of the Church.

So wrote Monseigneur Gerlier, then Bishop of Tarbes-Lourdes, now Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons.

Even in an age accustomed to multitudinous mass-spectacles, the Lourdes Triduum stands out as one of the most moving episodes of religious history. Pilgrims in excess of three hundred thousand, many from the farthest corners of the world, then verified that unique allure of the Mass as hinted at by *The Imitation of Christ*: "If this most holy Sacrament were celebrated in one place only, and consecrated by only one priest in the world, with how great a desire, thinkest thou, would men be affected toward that place, and to such a priest of God, that they might see the divine Mysteries celebrated?" Of many expressions and impressions published in this connection we quote these few lines from a letter to the Bishop of Lourdes:

Neither time nor distance shall be able to efface the singular joys impressed on the heart during the Triduum of Lourdes. We were as the Apostles on Ascension day, unable to withdraw their gaze from the vision on high, which ravished them even unto heaven. Yes, it was a grace altogether unique, with which the good God and the most holy Virgin, through your excellent mediation, have enriched us. It will be for us a perpetual viaticum.

The pilgrim writing thus was the Cardinal-Legate Eugenio Pacelli.

Even during the Lourdes Triduum its graces and consolations, and in particular as bearing on the matter of evening Mass, were spreading over land and sea. At Santiago, capital of Chile, there is a beloved Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Thither, by papal permission, the mitred shepherds of Chile led their flocks, and celebrated a similar succession of Masses day and night with all the privileges of Lourdes at the time. Nor was this all. Cardinal Schuster asked for and obtained permission to hold, during the seventy-two hours of the Lourdes chain-of-Masses, Masses in rota-

tion throughout seventy-two of the largest churches of the Archdiocese of Milan. In this connection was specifically conceded something one did not see mentioned at Lourdes, that *the Faithful could communicate at any of these Masses, day or night, after a fast of four hours.* In Cardinal Schuster's announcement of this grant, he felt obliged to insert the caution that no one should communicate more than once on one calendar day.

In the afterglow of these world events, it is not surprising that the question of evening Mass should have imposed itself more and more upon priests, as for instance at the Twenty-third International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, 1936. In 1937 the late Dom Virgil Michel, without going beyond the realm of pure theory, broached the question, "Why Not the Evening Mass," in *Orate Fratres*. These discussions were all the more natural since the "League" proposed by Bishop Gerlier, in accord with the Holy Father's desire to make the fruits of Lourdes permanent, began to get under way. After preliminary consultations with prelates and representatives of religious orders, Bishop Gerlier's proposals were submitted for papal approbation early in 1937, and in April of that year he presided at an international gathering in Rome. The upshot of the meeting was that the "League" was to serve as a fact-finding body, to gather data, study it, and suggest to the Holy See on all possible aspects of neglect of Mass-attendance. The movement is now known as *Missa Dominicalis* (Sunday Mass). Directors were then named for Italy, France, Belgium, England and Switzerland. By April, 1939, the movement had taken local root in 153 dioceses in Europe, Canada, Brazil, India.

One of the first fruits of the "Sunday Mass" movement is the book by a Belgian Jesuit, "Retour à la Masse du Dimanche," which catalogues various groups of people who in Belgium are prevented from attending forenoon Mass.

"In England," says Father Martindale, "there is a whole army of servants in hotels or clubs to whom time off is ensured in the evening . . . others, like *night-nurses, night-watchmen and many pressmen,** may be able to get to Mass but hardly to Communion—and in short, as was said at the Manila Eucharistic Congress, for millions at present the night has become the day."

Restoration, not innovation

If the Church should see fit to meet the needs of our kind of life with late afternoon or evening or nocturnal Mass, one could accurately say of the concession what Archbishop Glennon says of the entire liturgical movement, that for the most part it is a *restoration*, and not an *innovation*. A rapid

†Italics ours.

*Italics ours.

glance back over Eucharistic practice in the past will show us why Shakespeare could put into the mouth of a Catholic character the question:

Are you at leisure, holy father, now
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

The Holy See itself has published, in connection with the announcement in 1924 of its intention to grant nocturnal Mass on extraordinary occasions, a summary history of that rite. Therein it is clear that at first the Mass ordinarily mentioned was the nocturnal one, "the Lord's Supper" (I Cor. 11:20), whether this was united with a meal or banquet, or whether, for reverential reasons, dissociated from all profane connection and celebrated as a wholly spiritual act of worship.

Later on, the time at which Mass was celebrated came to depend upon another then commonplace feature of the Christian life, fasting. There was twice weekly a day on which people fasted until mid-afternoon; there were from time to time, as in Lent, at the Embers seasons, and vigils of great festivals, days on which people fasted until nightfall, or even to the end of the calendar day. Now fasting was a mark of sorrow, of abnegation, of contrition, while the Mass was the supreme realization of the *Good Tidings* of salvation, divine adoption, part and fellowship with Christ and Christians. Thus fasting and the celebration of Mass were *simultaneously impossible*. On fasting half-days, so to speak (they were technically called "stational days"), Mass was offered not before the ending of the fast, at three in the afternoon; on "total" fast days Mass could not be before midnight had brought the end of the day of sorrow, and the beginning of that of joy. Of the many once common nocturnal Masses only one has kept its place in the Roman Rite down to our days, that of Christmas.

As the Christian centuries succeeded each other, alongside "the" Mass, the public, official (High) Mass, there grew up what we call the Low Mass. The distinction nowadays between public Mass and private Mass is not precisely the same as between High Mass and Low Mass; Low Mass now may be public if any sort of solemnity attaches to it. As for High Mass, there was for medieval conditions a strict and remarkably uniform regulation as to the hours at which it might be celebrated. The hour depended upon the rank and character of the day in the Church calendar, and is the scheme still preserved in the rubrics of the Roman Missal. It provides that:

A. On Sundays, double and semi-double feasts, Mass is celebrated after the recitation of the Hour of Terce (9:00 a.m.).

B. On simple feasts, Mass is celebrated after the Hour of Sext (12:00 noon).

C. In penitential seasons, and on vigils, Mass comes after the Hour of None (3:00 p.m.).

These times were observed strictly until, in the twelfth century, began the custom of divorcing the Hours of the Office from the hours of the clock, anticipating Terce, Sext and None into the forenoon, and thus anticipating also the noon and afternoon Masses.

Again, in the absence of a general law in the matter, localities were everywhere free to add to that number of nocturnal Masses that then lent distinction and solemnity to great feasts preceded by a fast. Anyone who has paged through old Mass-books will recall finding for feasts then very popular, such as Saint John the Baptist, Saint Martin of Tours, the local patron of the town, and the like, *both morning and evening Masses* provided.

Lastly, whatever existed in the way of prescription for times of Mass, made originally with High Mass chiefly in view, was taken to admit of great freedom *as applied to Low Mass*. Thus, after a careful survey of materials, one of the greatest students of medieval liturgical practices concludes: "From all this it is clear that it was licit to celebrate private Masses at any hour, namely, early morning, around eight o'clock, at noon, after three, in the evening, at night."

After the Protestant revolt came the Tridentine reforms; Saint Pius V (1566-72) saw fit to prohibit nocturnal Mass in the Roman Rite, whether High Mass or Low Mass, save on Christmas. This prohibition was repeated locally as need dictated until on into the eighteenth century, as, for instance, at Bologna in 1737. This brought nocturnal Mass in the Latin Rite, Christmas excepted, practically to an end.

Then began, by papal permission, special faculties for nocturnal Mass to religious orders, famous shrines, confraternities and the like. The terms of the present policy of the Holy See are very broad. Whatever may be the result of the current proposal for afternoon or evening Masses as a matter of current pastoral necessity, such as discussed above, none can doubt that it is the spirit of the Church to afford nocturnal Mass for any really extraordinary situation. Forty Hours devotion and nocturnal adoration are expressly mentioned in the official commentary as belonging to this special class.

A last reflection. Would not the application of the progressiveness of the Church in this matter of nocturnal adoration with Mass offer the best way of ushering out the old, welcoming in the new year? "Shall I come to you at evening Mass?" Shakespeare's query prompts an answer from Holy Writ:

And the Spirit and the Spouse say, "Come!"

And let him that heareth say, "Come!"

And let him that thirsteth come!

Let him that willeth take the water of life freely! . . .

Come, Lord Jesus! (*Apoc. 22:17-20*.)

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

RECENTLY I received an autographed copy of a little book from one of its authors, my attention being called by a penciled reference to a passage in its text which consists of a quotation from an article published in this column last September, together with a complimentary interpretation of my small part in the matter discussed at length in the book itself, namely, the life and work of the Polish poet-patriot, Adam Mickiewicz, and their living influence. I must confess that my egotism, thus agreeably stirred, led me to give the book closer attention than works of its special character ordinarily receive from one who is anything but a scholar. For the book is a very important contribution to literary research and scholarship. It is "Adam Mickiewicz in English," by Arthur Prudden Coleman and Marion Moore Coleman (Schenectady, N. Y., Electric City Press. \$1.00). The first part of the slim volume contains two chapters or essays, the first dealing with the origin and progress of the study, criticism and translations of Mickiewicz's writings in England from 1822 to 1922, the second dealing with the same subjects as they have been developed in the United States during the same period of time. Part two is made up of a list of English translations of Mickiewicz.

In all there are only some fifty-five pages in this book, or booklet. Yet it obviously contains the strained, clarified, concise and lucid results of what must have been many years of most patient research. Only scholars of their own devoted type, of course, are competent to appreciate their labor of love, or to criticize or justly judge the results of that labor. Yet even a hasty journalist like the present writer may dimly perceive how tremendously valuable, what a lasting contribution to civilized values, is such work as this. What it reveals, even to the non-specialist, is that process at work by which through all the course of recorded history the light of literature, the creative fires of poetic genius, the inspiration of spiritual ideals, have been guarded and gathered and transmitted from generation to generation in spite of all the ever-recurrent waves of warfare and outbreaks of human savagery and barbarism which bulk so large in history's pages. Adam Mickiewicz wrote in a language which to English readers in his own day, and even now, in the vast majority of cases is as strange as Chinese. Even the generality of cultured English readers could only gain a partial idea of the poet's genius through a few translations.

To his own countrymen, of course, Mickiewicz was not only one of their greatest writers: he was even more the incarnation of their nation's very soul: a prophet of the hope of liberty even when Polish liberty was, apparently, slain and buried—as it has been once more, after its partial resurrection after the first World War. Yet here and there, during more than a century, this or that Englishman or Englishwoman or American would come across something translated from the Polish poet or would be able to read him in his own tongue. Somehow or

other, in spite of all barriers of time and difficulties of language, the vital flame of the poet's genius or the fire of his national patriotism or the light of his love for liberty—a love transcending national or racial limits and appealing to human souls everywhere—or, above all, the stimulus of his forceful Christian faith would seize upon some writer, big or little, prominent or insignificant, in England or America, and lead that writer to aid in the spreading of Mickiewicz's influence.

And on the trails of these scattered translators and critics and popularisers came the scholars who have made this book; to me their work seems comparable to that done in the monasteries of the Dark Ages when the literary and religious heritage of the former times, of the Greek and Roman cultures and the dawn of Christianity, were preserved from utter destruction at the hands of the barbarians invading and overthrowing civilized lands and peoples. Again the barbarians are on the march of destruction, now on a universal scale; but again the unconquerable scholars are at work, whether in monastic or university libraries, bringing together the imperishable work of the free spirit of liberty-loving souls; preserving the records, setting up the landmarks, maintaining the altar fires of civilization. It is consoling to learn from this book that such work is so well in hand in our own country, and that men and women are among us who let others reap the material rewards of manufacturing popular narcotics and aphrodisiacs for the commercial markets while they devote themselves to a task only second to the pursuit of sanctity itself.

It was that very strange Polish writer, Wincenty Lutoslawski, referred to in this book, who was responsible for my own great interest in, if very limited knowledge of, Adam Mickiewicz. I interviewed Dr. Lutoslawski now many years ago, when he was lecturing in Boston as the guest of the late William James before the Lowell Institute. From him I learned how Mickiewicz and other Polish poets had inspired the Polish people in its long struggle for liberty. A handful of exiles, poverty-stricken and apparently dispersed in the hopeless defeat and entombment of their nation, nevertheless was inspiring multitudes and finding friends for their cause among the poets and intellectual leaders of the cause of liberty in Europe and America. The ending of the World War brought temporary triumph to Poland's cause, and the tomb of Adam Mickiewicz in the cathedral in Cracow became a shrine not of a defeated but of a victorious spirit. Now again Cracow is in the grip of a conqueror; and again the spirit of Mickiewicz arises from its tomb and inspires the Poles of today to a new manifestation of the unending struggle of man for liberty.

Communications

CONFUSIONS ABOUT THE WAR

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: In your editorial comment March 22, 1940, on my article in the same issue, you read into my use of the word "triumph" something of which I was entirely innocent; and you elaborate what you re-

May

gard as
in your
number
synonym
not war
of Wel
saurus"
that I
aware t
tory,"
is the st
the term
in the
which
relation
Howeve

Supp
the elas
I am ho
not hav
is dislod
by wha
present
less tha
be comp
countrie
of the S
certainl
the safe
welfare
peace"
would
human
desire
unable

With
disheart
cently p
the Reic
"has wo
control
Power

N
next
depe
can
an
phys
shea
own
visit
now
thor
lead
are
arou
Germ
sacri
orga
was
selve
quer
Germ

gard as the distinction between "victory" and "triumph" in your reply to Rosemary Casey's letter in your April 12 number. As a matter of fact, I used "triumph" as a synonym of and a substitute for "victory" because I did not want to repeat the latter word too often. My perusal of Webster's "International Dictionary," Roget's "Thesaurus" and one or two other authorities, persuades me that I was justified in this procedure. Of course, I am aware that "triumph" means somewhat more than "victory," "a brilliant or overwhelming victory or success" is the statement in Webster's "International"; but I used the term without the trimmings. Nor can I find anything in the authorities to justify the elaborate distinctions which you draw between "victory" and "triumph" in relation to the determination of the present war in Europe. However, all this is a profitless dispute about words.

Suppose we use the word "success" as a substitute for the elastic two that we have been considering. Of course, I am hoping for a just peace, but I believe, that we cannot have such a peace unless and until the Hitler régime is dislodged and overthrown. If that can be accomplished by what you call "pressure," so much the better, but at present I see no probability that this will occur. Anything less than the abolition of the Hitler régime would not be compatible with the legitimate welfare of the Slavic countries conquered by Hitler, nor probably with that of the Scandinavian countries that he has recently invaded, certainly not with that of Britain and France, nor with the safety of Christian civilization, nor with the religious welfare of the people of Germany. Any "negotiated peace" bringing less than the overthrow of Hitlerism would be unjust and intolerable. How any believer in human rights, in the moral law, in Christianity could desire or be satisfied with less is a problem that I am unable to solve.

With your kind indulgence, I want to submit here a disheartening quotation from the excellent little book recently published by Michael Power, entitled "Religion in the Reich." After pointing out that National Socialism "has won the youth of Germany and wrested it from the control of the Protestant and Catholic Churches," Mr. Power continues:

No-one can foresee the result of this teaching upon the next generation. As has been stressed before, everything depends upon how long the present régime continues. If it can remain for only a few more years, it will have educated an entire people: and there will be a Germany, young, physically magnificent and magnificently sure, that will not sheath the sword until that sword has made the world its own. This is no timorous exaggeration, but a fact that any visitor to Germany can verify. The children of a nation now nearly 90,000,000 strong are being carefully and most thoroughly brought up to believe that God has sent their leader here below to redeem the world with weapons. They are told, and they believe, that their life must be built around the conception that they have been born to die for Germany. In order to purify themselves for this last sacrifice they must understand and realize the perfidy of organized religion. That Christ who died upon the Cross was a weakling unworthy of the Nordic faith: they themselves must be Christians who believe in a God who conquered by the sword, who has ordained that by the sword Germany must fulfill her divine mission of Christianizing

and purifying the entire world. This is the sincere and unshakable belief of the coming generation in the Third Reich.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Ames, Iowa.

TO the Editors: It is with greatest respect for the views of Monsignor John A. Ryan that I have read his interesting article, "Confusions about the War," which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL of March 22. I should be very grateful if you could permit a German, who has proved abundantly to be free from any pro-Nazi bias, to express his opinion on these same matters, which concern Germans and non-Germans alike.

A just solution for the great problem with which the world is confronted cannot be found by comparing the advantages with the disadvantages of an Allied or German victory. To formulate "do you want to see Hitlerism victorious?" is asking a suggestive question, for the answer in America would obviously be negative and would thus compel us to favor unconditionally the Allied cause.

While the average American citizen has read innumerable articles and popular pamphlets about Hitlerism, he has not had so easy an access to the sources which would tell him about the responsibility of the Allies for the misery of Europe ever since 1919; thus his judgment will by all necessity be prejudiced, and it is of little help if he is told that, while Allied deeds and misdeeds may have been very important in the past, they should not be discussed at the present time, when "democracy" is engaged in a life-and-death struggle against "despotism and paganism."

I do not see any foundation for the belief that Allied diplomacy can be trusted to give to the peoples of Europe what is rightfully theirs. If Versailles belongs to the past, Munich is certainly still in the present. An attitude of utmost distrust would be far better advised for everyone who does not want to become co-responsible for the super-Versailles policy the Allied statesmen are likely to adopt should they be able to crush Germany.

"No Versailles for Germany the next time!" Mr. Campinchi, French Naval Minister, has been reported saying, "but a return to the state of affairs after the treaties of Westphalia of 1648." It requires little fantasy to translate this cryptic remark into practice and to supplement the picture from the information we receive daily by press and radio: Southern Germany from Vienna to the Main detached from the German Reich, and together with the Czechs and other peoples under the imposed rule of the pretender to an obsolete throne—the Rhineland French or "autonomous," while Prussia would be divided into three or four "sovereign" states, East Prussia, however, being given to Poland.

The euphemistic name "Central European Confederation" should deceive no one, particularly not Catholics, who are sometimes told that such a solution would "free" the Catholic South from the militaristic Protestant North. It should be remembered that Berlin, due to the freedom guaranteed by the Weimar Constitution, is today the largest Catholic city of pre-1933 Germany, while not a

single one of the high Nazi leaders was a "Prussian" or a Protestant by birth.

The question which we have to ask is, therefore, not "which side shall win?" but "how can the war be ended without either side winning?" Any peace would be better than the continuance of the war—a peace by negotiation, which would restore Czechoslovakia, Scandinavia and a Polish state and by these concessions lead toward further changes in the dictatorship countries. The termination of the war by a negotiated peace would prove to the peoples of Europe that war is definitively out-dated and it is very likely that no régime could base once more its entire political, social and economic work upon war.

America and the Holy See are the two great powers which could do more than any other to bring such a solution about. We know the intentions of the Holy See—but do we know also whether America will be willing to throw all its weight on the side of such a peace, which is the only alternative to a war of destruction, the consequences of it would mean anarchy and misery for all continents and for many generations.

Even if the chances for peace are only slight, it is certainly worth while to mobilize all forces in its favor, rather than to penalize a régime one has reason to dislike, at the price of the death of millions, and perhaps of the end of Western civilization.

PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan in his article, "Confusions about the War," has left one great area untreated, and that the attitude that a member of the dark races should take toward either the "holy" Allies or the "unholy" Nazis, for there is little in the history of either side in dealing with Africa, India, the Isles of the Sea, etc., to call for such glorious endings as his. Are we to feel that this war, like the other, is a just cause from the point of view of the darker races?

That I doubt. I do not believe that the hard-pressed English have advanced one iota beyond their ruthless exploitation of the black, brown, yellow and what-have-you races. I do not believe that any of the apologists for Germany are inclined to reform conditions in the colonies they seek to govern.

I do not believe that the Italian drive for greater power in Africa will reveal under the surface a desire to teach the backward peoples they have "educated" with bombs and poison. On the other hand, I question the Japanese and their New Era for China.

Too little of our thinking on international questions reaches out to include the people who dig our diamonds, collect our rubber, spices and other things that make European "democracies"—do not rub out the quotes—what they are. Like the English Laborites who are prosperous when Africa is bled plenteously, we in America—ruling races in America, I mean—confuse our personal preservation with Eternal Goodness. This is human, and naturally selfish.

While "Almighty God has not commissioned *Der Fuehrer* to enforce the principle of retribution in the pres-

ent situation," it is equally clumsy to reason that a victory for the Allies will mark the end of an historical error, that God commissioned the English and French to rule Africa and Asia for the good of the backward races, a good administered begrudgingly if a good at all.

Now, the United States of America are not all of English colonial stock. One-tenth of the country is of slave descent, and about half that number came to this land seeking escape from British economic blunders; and the Germans, with better luck in the old country, sought this land to escape certain political crimes practiced by the German feudalists. All in all, while all of us have read Shakespeare, we are not English. It does not follow that deep down in the masses there are great impulses to help save England to save her Empire. But the great controls are pro-English, and a steady dose of re-definition of ideals and analyses will whip up the necessary Wilsonian furor to help the English save the Empire and the world they love so dearly.

Why quibble over our philosophies with so much to be done for the lower two-thirds here at home? Trade is international, of course; and we might be driven to fight to hold it.

But if that is to be the case we should call it fighting for the preservation of our trade without thinking that we are embarked on a mission to help the Great English Good remain saintly.

I regret that Russian propaganda makes use of these simple truths; for it clouds the skies and makes Americans who question England open to charges of being German, Japanese, or Russian agents. That is not the case. Neither does one become anti-Christian when he argues that the Sword and not the Cross has marked the coming of English and French colonial governors. Will somebody take up this side of the present European war and argue it vigorously?

GEORGE STREATOR.

APPLAUSE IS NOT ENOUGH

Jacksonville, Fla.

TO the Editors: In your issue February 23, 1940, under caption "Applause Is Not Enough," you point out with great emphasis our work resulting in Mr. Justice Black's opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States which saved four unfortunate Negro boys from death.

You point out that it was a long struggle and I tell you it was a long fight, almost single-handed. It might surprise you to know that over three thousand typewritten pages of matter went from this office to the various courts to which these cases were appealed during the nearly seven years struggle; and that a \$177.00 from all sources constituted the total amount of cash that I received to assist in the fight.

To say nothing of hotel bills, railroad fares, telegrams and other expenses which called for cash outlays before Mr. Justice Black's opinion was rendered.

I think you should know these facts because I believe that credit should be given to whom it is due.

S. D. MCGILL.

SYLV
only
the first
play we
younger
is dated
still bring
it violat
sympath
them on
people, c
made fu
which th
that eve
hokum i
guage no
gives the
it should
that it ev
is someth
and our
It will b
brand it
likeness
Unlike
though t
The p
centers a
but a v
species.
family g
of succes
ter in th
hardness
her moth
her to ta
then to
man who
probably
ing, even
is played
Miss Pi
English.
when cal
order. M
for in it
George
her, ever
play, rat
Joseph
himself
formance
David M
Lumet.

The Stage & Screen

Morning Star

SYLVIA REGAN'S play brings back old times, not only in that the first two acts portray the days before the first World War, but in that it is, itself, the kind of play we used to laugh and cry at when the world was younger and happier. And yet though "Morning Star" is dated it is, oddly enough, not faded. It is a play which still brings us pleasure and even emotional outlet. Yet it violates all the canons of the intelligentsia. It depicts sympathetically the traditional virtues instead of standing them on their heads; it has to do with entirely normal people, or with people who, when they are not normal, are made fun of and not put up as supermen; it has passages which the realists will call hokum, unmindful of the fact that even Shakespeare knew that a certain amount of hokum is good for the soul; it has neither obscene language nor indecent innuendo nor equivocal situations; it gives the actors a chance to act. Therefore under all rules it should have been laughed off the stage. That it wasn't, that it even may turn into having a very good run indeed, is something which might well give both our sophisticates and our social-justice hounds something to think about. It will be useless for them to shrug their shoulders and brand it as just another "Abie's Irish Rose." Its only likeness to that work is that it is about simple Jews. Unlike it, it is honest in writing and conception, and though the dialogue is undistinguished it is human.

The play is about a Jewish family in New York, and centers around the figure of Mrs. Felderman, a matriarch, but a very charming and sympathetic member of that species. It tells the story of her attempts to keep her family going, with on the whole a considerable amount of success, though she loses a son in the War and a daughter in the Triangle fire and has another daughter whose hardness of heart is unconquered at the end, even though her mother does momentarily break her will by forcing her to take part in the final family dinner. We are given then to understand that Mrs. Felderman will marry the man who has been courting her vainly for years, and so probably we can set the play down as having a happy ending, even though everyone is not happy. Mrs. Felderman is played by Molly Picon, the well known Yiddish actress. Miss Picon proves that she can play equally well in English. She possesses charm, technical assurance, and when called upon can be an emotional actress of a high order. Miss Regan has evidently written the play for her, for in it she does about everything an actress loves to do. George Kondolf has chosen an excellent cast to support her, even though some of the players are, for a Jewish play, rather Aryan looking. Special mention should go to Joseph Buloff, who as the friend of the family proves himself a comedian of excellent attainments. Good performances too are those of Martin Blaine, Ruth Yorke, David Morris, Jeanne Greene, Cecilia Evans and Sidney Lumet. In short "Morning Star" is heart-warming,

amiable and has lots of good dramatic situations. It is not a master work, but it is so good of its own unpretentious kind that it disarms criticism. Miss Regan and her acting associates under the direction of George Kondolf have done admirably what they set out to do. (*At the Long-acre Theatre.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

O Time! O Death! O Hollywood!

CINEMALAND offers this week a full, varied and not too brilliant program. Merle Oberon and George Brent appear in "'Til We Meet Again," a remake of "One Way Passage." Director Edmund Goulding drags out the agony and the too, too brave business of two people going to their death—she with a bad heart; he with a murder sentence—until you finally become more interested in the lesser and more practical love affair that springs up between Pat O'Brien, who gives an outstanding performance as the detective bringing the sentenced man back to the States, and Binnie Barnes, a tough "countess" who tries to help George escape. Somewhere the simplicity of the first production was lost; perhaps on the over-elaborate ship on which this prolonged tear-jerking takes places.

Hawthorne would certainly be surprised to see what happened to the plot of "House of Seven Gables" during its filming. However, Lester Cole's screenplay has caught the novel's gloomy mood, and the production is good. I wish Director Joe May had made the House, with its excellent set, the main hero. Vincent Price and George Sanders are the vengeful Pyncheon brothers bowed down under shaky ancestors and Maule's curse. Margaret Lindsay gives her best performance as Hepzibah who loves one of the brothers, withers and waits for him alone in the House while he suffers from the other's wicked machinations. Nan Grey's silly characterization of Phoebe and the double-wedding ending would make Hawthorne squirm.

Terence Rattigan's pleasant though inconsequential comedy "French Without Tears" has been made into a rather heavy-handed picture in England. Anthony Asquith tried to direct motion into the static play; but jokes, funny on the stage, now seem forced as the camera swings from speaker to speaker. An unimportant plot becomes pointless as nymphomaniac Ellen Drew descends upon this school for English gentlemen and wrecks the establishment by giving the students the green light. Ray Milland, last to succumb, goes through the picture sparkling his eyes and raising one eyebrow as he recites the Rattigan wise-cracks.

Although Hollywood has prettified the French original from which "Forty Little Mothers" was adapted, its slight story is made palatable by Baby Quintanilla whose gurgles and squeaks will melt your heart and by Eddie Cantor who is amusing and touchingly pathetic. As a professor in a flossy girls' school, Eddie has difficulty keeping his job and his adopted baby—because of rules and the nastiest bevy of girls ever collected in a movie. Busby Berkeley has directed the simple, sentimental plot on a too-grand scale with fancy gags and farcical horseplay.

Seeing the ex-Mrs. Danvers (Judith Anderson) finally cuddling the baby is worth the price of admission.

However, if it's gags you like, Jack Benny packs some mean ones in "*Buck Benny Rides Again*." Director Mark Sandrich doesn't fuss around with plot; he gives you plenty of Benny as an oomph boy, Rochester (Eddie Anderson) with his inimitable dancing and comebacks, pretty girls singing songs, a super-colossal set that typifies Hollywood's idea of a typical desert hotel, and swell satire that should convince you that a film like "*Geronimo*" can never again be taken seriously.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Three Novels

The Provincial Lady in Wartime. E. M. Delafield. Harper. \$2.50.

WE HAVE grown used to the Provincial Lady, but we never tire of her. In all her misadventures, mental abasements, small joys and self-doubts, she is too like ourselves to be comfortably comic. Through her common-sense eyes we have seen a peaceful England, we have seen how our own country appears to an Englishwoman with no prejudices and a sense of humor, and in the present volume we find a picture of England at war. As the Provincial Lady sees it, it is a country of loyal, devoted people, assured of the justice of their cause, travailling furiously amid the bureaucratic wash that is inevitable in modern, total wars.

The Provincial Lady knows so well the little, aggravating elements of existence, the clever remark that one remembers fifteen minutes after its point is lost, the abidingly funny characteristics of our friends, the flow of talk for talk's sake. Air raid precautions; black-outs; the sounding optimism of the BBC's announcers; Lady B., who refuses the evacuated children from London on the specious plea that she plans to turn her enormous house into a rest home for convalescent officers; the young intellectual, "J. L.," too absorbed in his own ego to bother much about so unimportant a thing as a war; the preposterous commandant of the air-raid shelter where the Provincial Lady serves as a volunteer aid; the urbane Uncle A. and the wholly trying Granny Bo Peep: these give us a memorable gallery of English types and a real sense of what war means to England.

Beneath the light surface moves the steady stream of English patriotism, that high-minded and vital quality which transcends cabinet ministers and official stupidities, which lives in the people of England and speaks in the final speech of Shakespeare's "King John." There is fully as much literary and social importance in such a book as this as in any number of pretentious and crudely executed special pleas, hailed by ignorant critics as "social documents."

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

Cathedral in the Sun. Anne B. Fisher. Carlisle House. \$2.75.

THE PUBLISHERS of Mrs. Fisher's book are probably right when they call it a pageant, rather than a novel, for the strength of the book does not lie in its architectonics; but rather in the series of vivid pictures of

the country and the life of the period. The author has done an enormous amount of work in getting up the detail of the natural and social background—flower, bird, tree, the movement of the seasons—those little things that make a historic scene particularly convincing are all to be found here, set forth with unusual clarity and faithfulness. And one catches through the tiny incidents of day-to-day life the larger movements of the time—especially the great work in spiritual pioneering of the Franciscan Padres and its tragic close; and one catches, too, the footsteps of the coming world of American energy and material enterprise.

But the great distinction of the book lies in the fact that all these things are given from the point of view of the Indian, who was the object of the idealism of the earlier period, and the victim of the enterprise of the succeeding time. The author has resisted the temptations of both righteous indignation and sentimental idealization. One sees the problems of the Indian both from the point of view of those who would make him into something he wasn't, and those who suffered from his handicaps. One sees both his incapacity for the situation into which he was plunged; and his own peculiar qualities, not always understood even by those who were friendliest to him. As a result, both in its strength and its weakness, his distinctive nature suffered; yet, however hard the first steps of civilization pressed upon his own tastes and instincts, the pity is that he was soon plunged from the restriction of unwanted education into the anarchy of exploitation.

It would be a mistake, however, to think of this as in any sense a discouraged book. With all that was hard in their road, Juan, the mission builder, and Loreta, his daughter, are in themselves humble triumphs of Christian civilization. And it should not be overlooked that the character of human excellence has its racial flavor. One feels that only an Indian could be the kind of Christian they are. In that particularity, the universality of the Padres' undertaking is most surely authenticated.

HELEN C. WHITE.

False Witness. Irving Stone. Doubleday. \$2.00.

THIS CURRENT SEASON has been the worst for novels this reviewer can remember. Not only has there been a large number of badly written novels published, but the quality of the whole output has been extremely low. The first novel by the author of "*Lust for Life*" and "*Sailor on Horseback*" unhappily proves to be no exception.

It appears that in an idyllic little valley near Los Angeles, John Annixter, a New Englander who never done no wrong, founded a peaceful farming community, in whose church all creeds worshipped together (Aimee Semple MacPherson, here we come!).

But one August Hauser ups and disrupts the peaceful valley in an attempt to prove his daughter innocent of theft. Since August conveniently has the power to apply the heat to most of the people in the valley, he makes them turn on John Annixter, who never done no wrong, and who was trying to defend the servant Hauser was trying to hang the blame on to clear his daughter.

Anyhow, John Annixter dies when justice fails to triumph, but his slender grand-daughter, who is always giving vent to noble sentiments, ups after his death and in hardly two chapters clears his name and the servant's and restores peace to the valley. The publishers think it's in the tradition of "*Goodbye, Mr. Chips*." Well, that

may be t
heroine o

CRITICISM
Design T
\$6.00.

THIS
rece
industrial
of adverti
the book
formed an
American
to being i
is both fa
the serious
proportion
over-rate
an advert
crease sale
such as to
dicted for

Illustra
and those
another a
author's c
Teague's c
design, the
for disillu
such prod
of these de
very appar
purely eng
dams and
they are s
grace attac
we see th
by necessari
aestheticism

The inn
quite apar
of that m
medieval c
of Our La
whimsical
that he fa
such churc

It is the
ever, that
of articles
advantage
are so criti
textural n
sections d
in this re
author, w
in abeyanc
relevant m
to the pion
ing the re
matter of
by Louis
"stalactite
them is ev
other than

may be the direction, but it is even more than that; the heroine of this one has a "pastel-complected" face.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

CRITICISM

Design This Day. Walter Dorwin Teague. Dodd Mead. \$6.00.

THIS BOOK, among other things, treats of that recent activity in stylization which is known as industrial design and which is a development and adjunct of advertising. We have the author's assurance in it that the book is not ghost written. It is, nevertheless, a well formed and expressive, critical account of modernism in American architecture and the related arts. In addition to being informed with the author's critical awareness, it is both facile and vivacious in style. Less to its credit is the serious treatment given to mechanical aids to creating proportion in buildings and objects and the tendency to over-rate that type of industrial design which savors of an advertising dodge, devised for use in the effort to increase sales. The good qualities of the book, however, are such as to warrant the general attention that may be predicted for it.

Illustrations are the best part of a book such as this, and those included are of a kind to afford contrast to one another and to contribute piquancy and interest to the author's comments. If one does not agree with Mr. Teague's assumptions of progress in the field of industrial design, the author must, in part at least, assume the blame for disillusioning his readers about the artistic quality of such productions. The general lack of character in most of these designed articles, as they appear in shops, becomes very apparent when we examine the illustrations of such purely engineering creations as airplane bodies, bridges, dams and the like. These last leave little to be desired, they are so complete and authentic. Their virility and grace attain the level of artistic truth and the forms, as we see them, have emerged from conditions determined by necessity and evolved by engineers. No fallacious estheticism mars them.

The innate grandeur of these engineering productions, quite apart from the element of magnitude, give one some of that mental and sensory satisfaction that is excited by medieval cathedrals, which the author calls Throne Rooms of Our Lady. It would seem, in this case, that the literary whimsicality of Henry Adams so impresses this author that he fails to discern the major, liturgical purpose of such churches.

It is these naturally formed engineering products, however, that force a critical comparison with the stylization of articles, called industrial design, and much to the disadvantage of these last. Mr. Teague's general conclusions are so critically pertinent to the existing condition of architectural modernism that it is to be regretted that the sections devoted to industrial design are not comparable in this respect. The admirable critical facility of the author, well evidenced in most of the book, is very much in abeyance in this portion. In this connection and as a relevant matter, it is curious to find no adequate reference to the pioneer work of R. Buckminster Fuller in developing the rear engine, streamlined automobile. Also, as a matter of correction, may I add that the Owatonna Bank by Louis H. Sullivan has nothing remotely resembling "stalactites" on its interior, so this author's criticism of them is evidently based on a recollection of some building other than this genuinely significant work of architecture.

BARRY BYRNE.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

a 6th floor

smart economy



the timeless beauty of the simple classic line in a long-sleeved silk and rayon chiffon dinner dress with an embroidered midriff. White or black, with bright red blossoms. In sizes 10 to 18.

14.95

sixth floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

DRAMA

Brother Petroc's Return. Emmet Lavery. Samuel French. \$1.50.

THE ORIGINAL story by S. M. C. skims the commonplace. Its genius lies in the simple clarity of the spiritual insight; its values are not dramatic. Adapted for the theatre in prologue and eleven scenes, this study of a monk transplanted from the Age of Faith to the twentieth century loses, with its reserve, its rarest qualities; the witty implications are transmuted into farce-comedy, and Petroc, so prone to silence, must talk as much as any other hero. His speech also changes; where he once said: "Folk said we were an ancient race—I know we were a poor one," the line in the play reads, "—we were an old family—not rich but proud." In making the Jesuit's advice the turning point of Petroc's spiritual struggle, Mr. Lavery proves his scholastic loyalty, but it seems to us that he has made a slip in introducing workmen into the church for the discovery of Petroc's body, as their presence would make it impossible to keep the secret of Petroc as inviolate as the story demands. Mr. Lavery has—as would be expected—turned out a workmanlike play completely suitable for Little Theatre productions where it will no doubt be popular. Only for the enthusiasts for S. M. C.'s story will it seem a reduction of a delicate porcelain pattern into pottery.

E. V. R. WYATT.

RELIGION

The Meaning of Marriage. Hubert Doms. Sheed & Ward. \$2.25.

The Family. A. S. Ostheimer. Catholic University. \$2.00.

"THE MEANING OF MARRIAGE" by Father Doms has created quite a furore in Europe. *La Nouvelle Revue Théologique* of the Belgian Jesuits carried articles and notes on this provocative book in several of its issues. It has been keenly attacked and no less warmly defended. The book deals with the relationship existing between the meaning of marriage and the ends of marriage. The meaning of marriage consists in the actual realization of the unity of two persons. But in achieving its meaning (the blending of You-Me to Us) it is quite naturally directed in itself towards ends which are of two kinds, personal and biological. The perfection of the partners, the completion of their being is the personal end, the procreation of new beings is the biological end. The meaning of marriage is the immediate proximate end of the conjugal act. The personal and biological purposes of marriage are the extrinsic and mediate ends of the conjugal act. The spiritual, mental and physical sharing of life, the resultant community of life whose joy and peace spring from love—that is the meaning of marriage. The child is not included in that community, even if it is the living embodiment of its common good. The proponents of this view maintain that it is supported by this passage of *Casti Connubii*, "... this mutual interior formation of the spouses and this assiduous zeal to aid one another in the way of perfection, are the cause and primary purpose of marriage, if . . . marriage is considered . . . in its widest sense, as a life long communion. . . ."

In "The Family" the author considers the nature and purpose of the family and the nature and purpose of marriage, in the light of Thomistic principles. The family as a unit of social organization and as a school; the family

and the state and infra-family relationships are some of the topics discussed.

J. C.

Christian Life and Worship (Revised and Enlarged Edition). Gerald Ellard, S.J. Bruce. \$3.50.

ONE WOULD wish for required readings for Catholics. The list could be short. One is persuaded of its need. Certainly it would be fruitful. Near the top of the chosen few would be "Christian Life and Worship." Then the rock of truth which is Christ would flow living waters "in great abundance." The facts of Christian revelation, considered together or separately, are given such easy, casual, almost indifferent assent. They must climb down from the mind into life or remain sterile. Christ must not be thought of as a historical figure only, but as a brother with a living, personal, continuous relationship to me, and I to Him; our acts of worship must not be seen as a series of unrelated movements or an expression of divine pageantry, but as Calvary and the Upper Room and I privileged to be present; the sacraments of the church were not meant to designate certain age levels or to be paid tribute on great feasts or occasions, but as having powers to make me a new man, a Christian man, which means the joy, the fullness and the satisfaction of the goodly life. Faith and practice will have small significance and less effect until their meaning and necessity for me are understood. Father Ellard's book will supply these needs clearly and interestingly and thoroughly, and create the joy and the power that comes from knowing what we do and why we do it. The illustrations by Adé de Bethune in their beauty and variety and strength show the loveliness and virility of the Christian soul and life which they would depict.

GEORGE B. FORD.

The Mystical Theology of Saint Bernard. Etienne Gilson. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50.

THIS IS a copiously documented but clearly expounded study of the mystical renaissance which Saint Bernard added to the various others of the twelfth century. We see how the saint came to Cîteaux, leaving all things except his Ciceronian heritage; how he fastened on the seventy-third chapter of Saint Benedict's Rule and, following the Benedictine asceticism to attain to beatifying union by the way of humility and the divesting oneself of all self-will, he supplied the doctrinal justification for the Benedictine synthesis, viz., that the Holy Spirit substitutes love for fear as reward for the long apprenticeship of humility.

The author nowhere contrasts Cistercian with Benedictine spirituality: he is chiefly concerned to correct partial and warped views of Saint Bernard's mysticism, and to nail the charges that he had pantheistic tendencies or lacked a definite doctrine for his union with God by love. It is a scholar's work and therefore will chiefly stimulate students of history and philosophy.

RICHARD FLOWER, O.S.B.

The Imitation of Christ. Thomas à Kempis. Illustrated by Majeska. Richard R. Smith. \$3.00.

THIS EDITION of the Imitation, carrying the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York, is illustrated with pasted-in color prints. The illustrations will appeal to some people, not to others—a statement true of most illustrations. Artistically they are far superior to the run of "repository" art; that can go without saying

are some
J. C.

arged Edi-

for Cath-
suaded of
r the top
Worship."

ow living
Christian

re given
ney must
n sterile.

ure only,
ous rela-
ship must

or an ex-
and the

ne sacra-
e certain

or occa-
man, a

and the
tice will

meaning
Ellard's

ngly and
at comes

he illus-
variety

of the

FORD.

ne Gil-

xpound-
h Saint

hth cen-
ving all

fastened
ule and,

atisfying
eself of

for the
substi-
tuteship

a Bene-

correct

sticism,
ndencies

God by
chiefly

D.S.B.

strated

ng the

ork, is

rations
nt true

prior to
saying

in view of the previous achievements of the illustrator. But some of them give an impression of melodrama and excessive sentiment perhaps appropriate to the text of a Kempis, but somehow far removed from the objectivity which seems to be nearer to the heart of Catholic devotional life than the extremely subjective personal devotions which began to become so popular in the late Middle Ages. The translation of the present text is that of Anthony Hoskins, edited to conform to current usage.

H. L. B.

SCIENCE

Race, Language and Culture. Franz Boas. Macmillan. \$5.00.

THIS VOLUME consists of sixty-three essays which originally appeared in scientific publications between 1887 and 1937. They cover a wide variety of topics, such as race problems, growth of children, statistical analysis, American Indian languages, ethnological aims and methods, historical reconstruction, social organization, mythology, archeology, art and religion. With a few exceptions no attempt has been made at revision or incorporation of new material, since the author believes that his theoretical treatment is still sound.

Dr. Boas claims that anthropology, the science of man, has a direct bearing upon modern problems. The study of life processes and behavior among people living under conditions different from our own should enable us to discover what kind of human behavior is universal and what is determined by our own culture. This knowledge should assist us to shape the future development of mankind.

Cautious statements characterize his discussions of race which, although by no means the most important part of the book, may be uppermost in the mind of the reader. The term race is defined as the assembly of genetic or family lines that make up a population and heredity occurs within these genetic lines. Detailed studies invariably show that the family lines differ among themselves but are duplicated in neighboring territories. Pathological cases prove that there exists a relation between the heredity and physical build and the mental functions and characteristics of the individual, but each race has so many individuals of different heredity that racial differences, freed from historically determined elements, cannot be ascertained but appear to be insignificant. A geographical area has its own racial type and culture, but the one does not determine the other. Mental tests cannot be devised so as to eliminate cultural factors, hence in most cases we know only European psychology. Racial intermarriage does not result in degeneration, nor does inbreeding except when pathological conditions prevail within the family strains. Finally the author appears to be very skeptical about the value of applied eugenics.

In his treatment of ethnological problems emphasis is placed on the dynamics of life, the history of cultural forms, the psychical reaction of the individual to his culture, and the diversity of phenomena that appear to be similar. More than twenty years ago Dr. Boas indignantly repudiated the "American theory" of totemism and more recently he declared his unwillingness to express his views on many questions, since, in the past, his cautious suggestions have so often been received as statements of established dogmas. Moreover the complexity of phenomena renders futile the search for sociological laws.

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

Ready May 6

A Special Limited Edition of Gallitzin's Letters

A valuable collection of the controversial writings on the principles of the Roman Catholic Church by the Very Reverend Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin (1770-1840).

1. A Defense of Catholic Principles.
2. An Appeal to the Protestant Public.
3. A Letter to a Protestant Friend on the Holy Scriptures.
4. Six Letters of Advice to the Gentlemen Presbyterian Parsons.
5. The Bible: Truth and Charity.

Price \$3.00

Grace Murphy, Publisher

The Angelmodde Press
Loretto, Pennsylvania

St. Bilda Guild, Inc.



Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery

Conferences with reference to the
adornment of churches

Old Embroidery Transferred
147 EAST 47th ST. NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1038

BETHANY HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass

REASONABLE RATES

Sr. Director, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452

BOYS' CAMPS

Marquette

LAKE SPOFFORD
NEW HAMPSHIRE

A happy summer among congenial companions for Catholic boys 8-18. Expert leadership of trained college men. Every facility for sports and games. Sandy beach on White Mt. lake. Resident chaplain and physician. Home comfort in bungalows with porches. 21st season.

One fee for everything, \$250 including riding.

James C. Fisher, Loyola School, 65 E. 83rd St., N. Y. C.

CAMP TIVOLI CECIL, WISCONSIN

For Boys 7-17 Enrollment Limited
Booklet from REV. P. N. BUTLER

ST. NORBERT COLLEGE, W. DE PERE, WISC.
THE OLDEST CATHOLIC BOYS' CAMP IN WISCONSIN

BOYS' CAMPS

CAMP GIBBONS

A Catholic camp for boys on Brant Lake in the Adirondacks. Modern bungalows each with hot and cold running water. All land and water sports.

1940 Season \$300

REV. RAYMOND F. ROONEY

225 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

CAMP NOTRE DAME

LAKE SPOFFORD

NEW HAMPSHIRE

on site of
Camp Namaschang
For BOYS 7 to 16 Years
Rates, \$125. per season; \$15. per week. Ten weeks
FREE Round-trip Transportation between New York City
and Camp Notre Dame
Bigger (by 50 acres) and better (if possible) than ever
Write for Booklet: JOHN E. CULLUM, Director
STATE-CAPITOL BUILDING, UNION CITY, N. J.
Open evenings for your convenience. Phone: Palisade 6-3840

GIRLS' CAMP

Rose Hill

Lake Spofford, New Hampshire

A New England Camp for Catholic Girls

Chaplain. All Activities, Riding, Nurse, Amateur Radio Station. Fee \$200. Booklet. Margaret Anne Kothés, 208 East 53d St., New York City. Plaza 5-4626. Boston representative: Miss Kay Carr, 30 Burnside St., Medford, Mass.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

REGIS COLLEGE

Weston, Massachusetts

A Catholic institution for the higher education of women. Incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with full power to confer degrees. Standard courses leading to the degrees, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science (curricula in Household Economics and in Secretarial Science). Affiliated to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Degrees "fully approved" by the University of the State of New York.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

For Catalogue, Address THE REGISTRAR

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Suburb of Chicago

A Catholic College for Women

Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.

Accredited by the Association of American Universities.

Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.

Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles Street

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

Exceptional Advantages.
For Information Address the Registrar.

NAZARETH COLLEGE OF ROCHESTER

Rochester, N. Y.

FULLY ACCREDITED

Degrees: B.A., B.A. in Social Service, B.S. (In Science), B.S. in Music, in Secretarial Science, Speech, Art.

The Inner Forum

THE SECOND annual regional catechetical congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has just closed, April 21, at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana. The congress had as chairman Sister M. Magdalita, as honorary chairman, Father J. Harvey Conway. It was convened at the invitation of Sister M. Madeleva, president of the college where it was held, and was addressed by two members of the hierarchy, the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, and the Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City and chairman of the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity. It is expected to hold another, similar congress next year; both last year and this about a thousand persons participated.

One aspect of the congress was the stress laid upon the Liturgy. A fine display of vestments was offered those attending the meeting, and on both Saturday and Sunday mornings a Missa Recitata was celebrated, on one occasion by Father Hugh O'Donnell, president of the University of Notre Dame, on the other by Bishop O'Hara. The congress concluded with Benediction.

The technique largely employed at the various sessions was that common in professional teacher-training: demonstration classes in religion, demonstration discussion club procedure, as well as the more usual addresses and discussions thereof from the floor.

It is interesting that the topic for the discussion club demonstrations was Christian marriage, including a survey of the primary purpose of the Sacrament, the Church's attitude on divorce and separation, the sacramental quality of the contract, mixed marriages, scriptural allusions to matrimony, birth control and many other aspects of the matter.

The demonstration religion classes covered every phase of school life, from the pre-school through the twelfth grade, with each demonstration preceded by a brief talk. Father John Cavanaugh of Notre Dame University, Professor Jerome Kerwin of the University of Chicago, Miss Victoria Heiny, president of the Fort Wayne Deanery Youth Council, the Reverend Godfrey Dickmann, editor of *Orate Fratres*, and Sister Mary Madeleva were among the other formal speakers.

CONTRIBUTORS

Robert L. HOCHBERG-HILLER, a native of Connecticut, was educated in Germany and lived there sixteen years. He was a member of the Hitler Youth, but resigned one year after Hitler came into power and returned to the US three years ago. He has studied forestry, been on the staff of *Newsweek*.

Clara Foote ADAMS writes from Sheffield, Ala.

Rev. Gerald ELLARD, S.J., has for years devoted himself to the liturgical apostolate. He is stationed at St. Mary's Kansas. The new edition of his classic work, "Christian Life and Worship," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

J. G. E. HOPKINS teaches at the College of Notre Dame of Staten Island, N. Y., and writes fiction, verse.

Helen C. WHITE, author of many novels, is on leave of absence from the University of Wisconsin, where she teaches English literature.

Harry SYLVESTER writes stories and articles for the leading American magazines.

Barry BYRNE is an architect who has designed work in Australia, in many American states and in Ireland.

Euphemia Van Rensselaer WYATT is dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.

Rev. George B. FORD is pastor of Corpus Christi Parish, chaplain of Catholic students at Columbia University, New York.

Rev. Richard FLOWER, O.S.B., is a monk of St. Gregory's Priory, Portsmouth, R. I.

Theodore M. AVERY, Jr., is a student of anthropology.